

CAN YOU GUESS TIME?

THERE ARE FOLK WHO CAN DO IT ALMOST TO THE MINUTE.

They seem to have a singular ability for measuring off the hours like a chronometer—some people who think time stands still.

Guessing the time of day is an amusement for some and almost a profession for others. The best guessers are not those whose occupations require them to be most scrupulous in the matter of time. Railway employees, especially conductors and engineers, are so much men of the minute and the second and have so learned to trust to their watches that they do not acquire the skill that many men have of guessing time by various natural indications or by a sort of mysterious knack.

The laborer who does not carry a watch can often guess within ten or fifteen minutes of the time at any hour of his working day. It is not uncommon even in New York for a laborer on the street to inquire the time of day of a passerby, but the query is oftenest made near the noon hour, and the laborer, if very close to the very minute indicated by the length of shadows, the position of the sun and the quantity of light falling into the street. Men working underground or at night guess the time much less closely than those who work by daylight and in the open air.

Many men go by the "hunger clock" and can guess very close to the hour for quitting work whether at noon or toward the close of the day's work. In shops where there are no clocks hundreds of inquiries as to the time pass from mouth to mouth as the hours approach. The signal for quitting work seldom comes as a surprise to the ordinary hand worker.

Brain workers and men whose trades require delicate manipulation do not guess time so accurately as unskilled laborers, because they become so absorbed in their work as to be oblivious to the flight of time. A hardworking business man of New York used to keep an alarm clock on his desk, which went off at the hour he should make ready to catch a suburban train. The alarm literally waked him up out of thought. Sometimes, so to speak, he slept through the alarm and missed his train. Without this reminder he would overstay his time at the office an hour or more.

Some men have a really uncanny power of guessing time. They do it apparently without the aid of natural indications and by means of some inward monitor which goes on measuring off the hours like a chronometer. There are men who can ordinarily guess the time within ten minutes at any hour of their waking day. It is suspected that such men rarely become deeply absorbed in their work, though the faculty often accompanies fine intellectual powers.

A much rarer power than that of guessing the time at a given hour of the day is that of guessing the elapsed time in short periods. Hardly one man in ten can come within five minutes of guessing the elapsed time in periods of less than half an hour and more than a quarter, and very few can tell within a minute when a period of ten minutes has elapsed.

The most difficult feat in time guessing is to wake from a sound sleep in the small hours after having gone to bed before midnight and guess within half an hour of the time. Most persons, unaided by natural indications, such as moonlight, the first signs of dawn in midsummer or the profound quiet of the house in winter, cannot under these conditions guess within two hours of the time.

Persons ordinarily underestimate the time they have slept at night and overestimate the length of a daylight nap. The cat nap of two or three minutes appears to most persons to have lasted from fifteen minutes to half an hour. In fact, some persons seem to get to sleep all over and through and through whenever they lose consciousness and are thus utterly oblivious of the flight of time, while others seem never, even at night, to be thoroughly saturated with sleep. Persons of the latter class wake at any moment of the night in almost full possession of their faculties and can usually form a pretty good notion of the hour.

Public speakers are proverbially bad guessers of the elapsed time when they speak extemporaneously. Clergymen, through habit, however, can guess pretty close as to the length of an extemporaneous sermon, and the clergyman who preaches beyond his usual time gets many hints that he is talking too long from the conduct of his hearers. When a preacher sees his usually wakeful hearers nodding and the younger members of the congregation more than usually uneasy in their seats he knows that he has passed his usual limit.

Women and children are bad guessers of time because they tend to be preoccupied with the matter of the moment, so that they are oblivious to all else. Men who have the habit of keeping their watches accurate and of noting the hour down to the very second are amused to find that most women take no note of any period of time below a quarter of an hour. Nine women out of ten with a clock face in sight will fail to note the time within five minutes.

It is the eternal puzzle of the man with a keen sense for time that many women and some men seem to believe that time has a way of pausing in its flight. Such men and women after inquiring the time will report it the same ten minutes later and will resent with an injured air the suggestion that the hour cannot be exactly the same that it was ten minutes before.—New York Times.

LINCOLN REBELLED.

An Occasion When Stanton Did Not Get His Papers Signed.

Robert Lincoln when minister to England told a friend an incident of his childhood which was deeply impressed upon his memory, so illustrative was it of his father's character.

He was with his father in his cabinet one morning during the early years of the war when Secretary Stanton was announced. Scarcely replying to the courteous greeting of the president, Mr. Stanton walked directly up to the desk where Mr. Lincoln was sitting and said, "Mr. President, I have come for the papers that I brought you yesterday to be signed."

"Well," said the president, with an expression in his face something like that of a convicted schoolboy, "the truth is, Stanton, they are not ready."

"Well, then, those you had the day before."

"They are not ready either," was the answer, with a somewhat quizzical look.

"But you have had some of them for a whole week, and all I ask you to do is to put your name to them. Come, do it now! The whole batch will not take half an hour. I will wait while you sign. It is only a trifle I am asking, and it is not like you to hinder our work in this way."

"A trifle!" echoed Mr. Lincoln, with a deep gravity settling over his countenance. "Do you know what these papers are?"

"Of course I do," answered the secretary. "They are death warrants."

"And you call signing a death warrant a trifle? Look here!" And he drew out from under his desk a basket overflowing with papers. "Here are the papers you have brought me during the last week and that you have been urging me to sign, and every one of them will condemn a man to death if I put my name to it. How can I sign when I know so well what will be the result?"

"You must sign, Mr. President; you must sign them. You are clogging the wheels of government. We have been at a standstill for a week because you have picked out every death warrant from the papers I have brought you. No wonder they have accumulated. But now we cannot wait any longer. We must have those papers, and you must sign them." And, seizing a pen from the rack, he dipped it in the ink.

Back and forth, up and down the room, strode the tall form, as was his wont when in perplexity. Suddenly his face cleared, and he approached the hearth, where there was a glowing coal fire. Taking up the poker, he stirred up a bright blaze. Then, almost running across the room, he picked up the basket of death warrants and tossed them all on the coals. A tongue of fire seized them, and a puff of wind blew them up the chimney.

"There, there; good riddance!" he muttered as he saw the ashes disappear. Then he turned to Mr. Stanton, who stood aghast and speechless for once, and with a deprecating look said: "I couldn't help it, Stanton; I really couldn't, and I couldn't sign them. It is too beautiful a day to send so many souls into eternity. I don't believe the wheels of government will be blocked. Come, now, let us take a walk down the avenue."—Youth's Companion.

Red Hair.

Nowadays people with red hair are somewhat envied. It was not always so. In Egypt, for instance, the auburn headed were regarded with aversion. The ancient Egyptians were so violently opposed to hair of this tone that once a year they burned a maiden who possessed bright locks in the hope of exterminating or lessening what they considered a curse.

Sentiment aside, people of the auburn head type have a vast advantage. They are less liable to baldness than those who own brown or black hair. The reason thereof is that one red hair is as thick as three dark hairs. With 70,000 red hairs the scalp is well thatched. With the same number of dark hairs a person is almost bald. The average number of filaments that the brunette belle has to comb and brush is 102,000.

Cocoon Clocks.

In Malay the natives keep a record of time in the following way: Floating in a bucket filled with water they place a cocoon shell, having a small perforation, through which by slow degrees the water finds its way inside. This opening is so proportioned that it takes just one hour for the shell to fill and sink. Then a watchman calls out, the shell is emptied, and they begin again.

Such trifles as minutes and seconds are rarely heeded on the peninsula. Fancy any one asking the time in Malay and being told that the cocoon shell was half full!

Country For Children.

There should be some sort of law framed whereby each boy, just as in France and Germany each abbequied man performs his term of military duty, must spend at least three winters of his boy time in the country, writes Emory Potter in *Outing*. And when I say country I do not mean that pert refinement of the genteel pastoral, the suburb. I believe it would act as a tonic to the race. There would be wider outlooks, freer, less cramped brains and harder souls.

Obviously.

Benevolent Old Gentleman—Don't you think fishing a cruel sport? Fisherman—I should just think it was. I've been sitting here for five hours and never had a single bite, and I've got three wasp stings and been eaten up with flies, and the sun's taken all the skin off the back of my neck!—Pick-Me-Up.

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ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE TO PROVIDE FOR THE LAYING OUT AND OPENING OF OLIVE STREET.

Whereas a petition in writing signed by the owners of lands situate within the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, which will be specially benefited by the proposed improvement, to lay out and open a certain public road in the Town of Bloomfield, to be known by the name of Olive Street, as therein described, has been duly presented to the Town Council of Bloomfield at a stated meeting thereof; and

Whereas, the said petition having been by the said Town Council referred to the Board of Assessors (composed of Seymour Gilbert, Thomas Lawson, junior, and Lewis Cockfair, the last named having been appointed by the Town Council to act in the matter with said Board of Assessors in the place and stead of Henry P. Dodd, a regular member of said Board of Assessors, who, by reason of his being personally interested in the assessments made for this improvement, was ineligible under the law to act as a member of said Board of Assessors in this particular case), who were assisted by the Town Surveyor, not interested in said improvement, and appointed by the Town Council for that purpose; and the said Board of Assessors having made a report, accompanied by a map showing the real estate to be taken for the proposed improvement, and all the lots and parcels of land within the Town of Bloomfield, which in their judgment will be specially benefited thereby; and the said Board of Assessors having appraised the value of the interest of each known owner of real estate to be taken for said improvement, and estimate of expenses likely in their judgment to attend the completion of the proposed improvement; and determined the probable net cost of the same, which probable net cost they have assessed upon the land to be specially benefited in proportion to the benefit to be received; and

Whereas, the report of the said Board of Assessors made under the hand of the facts, certain and of the appraisements, estimates, determination and assessments made by them concerning said improvement, and report or to the improvement, which might be presented in writing. Notices to the same effect having also been posted and served as the law in such cases requires; and

Whereas, the Town Council caused notice of the filing of said report and map to be printed and published in the Bloomfield Citizen, the official newspaper of the Town of Bloomfield, which said notice also contained a general description of the improvement intended, of the land to be taken, and of the land to be assessed, and stating the time and place, when and where the Town Council would meet to hear and consider any objections to the proposed improvement, which might be presented in writing. Notices to the same effect having also been posted and served as the law in such cases requires; and the Town Council having determined to make said improvement notwithstanding the objections to the same; and having confirmed said awards as altered, amended, adjusted and increased; therefore

Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, that a street or public highway, to be known under and by the name of Olive Street, in the Town of Bloomfield, said street to be fifty feet wide, and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the westerly side of Hinchey Place two hundred and fifty and four-tenths feet southerly from Myrtle Street; thence south seventy degrees thirty-one minutes west one hundred and eighty-two and twenty-five hundredths feet; thence south seventy-six degrees fifty-seven minutes west four hundred feet, more or less, to an angle; thence north seventy-five degrees eight minutes west fifty-six feet, more or less, to the East Orange city line; thence southeasterly along the said East Orange line, one hundred and five feet, more or less, to the southerly side of the herein proposed street; thence north seventy-six degrees fifty-seven minutes east three hundred and seventy-eight feet, more or less, to an angle; thence north seventy degrees thirty-one minutes west one hundred and eighty-two and fifty-two hundredths feet to the westerly side of Hinchey Place; thence along the westerly side of Hinchey Place fifty feet to the place of beginning and ending thereof.

And that the said street or highway, as hereinbefore described, be and the same is hereby directed to be opened and graded to a proper grade for public use, as a street of said town, under the supervision of the Board of Assessors of the Town of Bloomfield.

Ordinance adopted January 4, 1904.

GEORGE PETERSON,

Chairman Town Council.

Attest: WM. L. JOHNSON,

Town Clerk.

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NOTICE OF ELECTION.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Bloomfield National Bank for the Election of Directors to serve during the ensuing year will be held at the Banking House on Tuesday, January 12, 1904. Polls will be open from 3 P. M. to 4 P. M.

LEWIS K. DODD,

Cashier.

Bloomfield, N. J., December 11, 1903.

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Ginghams	—For apron and dress wear,	Ginghams,	Value 10c, for 5c
Calicoes	—Best qualities in light and dark grounds, indigo blue, black and gray,	Calicoes,	Value 8c, for 6c
Percales	—Light, medium and dark grounds in new dainty patterns,	Percales,	Value 15c, for 10c
India Lawns	—Plain white, thirty inches wide,	India Lawn,	Value 15c, for 10c
Fancy Madras	—27 inches wide, for shirt waists and shirt waist suits,	Fancy Madras,	Value 15c, for 10c
Batiste	—In white and tinted grounds, superfine finish, new patterns,	Batiste,	Value 15c, for 10c
Dress Ginghams	—New exclusive patterns, plaids, checks and stripes,	Dress Ginghams,	Value 12½c, for 8c
FANCY MADRAS	—Extra wide, superfine finish, new patterns,	FANCY MADRAS,	Value 18c, for 12½c

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ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

ESSEX COUNTY MUTUAL INS. CO.

The annual meeting of this company for the election of directors and for other business, will be held at its office, No. 7 Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J., on Monday, January 11, 1904, between the hours of four and five o'clock P. M.

NOTICE

Pursuant to law, notice is hereby given that on TUESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1904, from the hour of 2 P. M. to the hour of 7 P. M., a Special Election will be held within the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, for the object and purpose of deciding by the legal voters, resident of the said Town of Bloomfield, whether the said Town of Bloomfield shall purchase the water pipe system belonging to the Orange Water Company, lying and being in the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, for the price of ninety thousand dollars, for the purpose of supplying the inhabitants of the said Town of Bloomfield with a supply of pure and wholesome water for public and domestic use; under the provisions of an Act of the Legislature of the State of New Jersey, entitled "An Act respecting towns and providing for the purchase of water works or a plant for the supplying of pure and wholesome water to the inhabitants of such towns for public and domestic use, and the extension of such water works or plant, and providing for the issue of bonds to pay for such purchase or extension." Approved March 22, 1899. And according to a resolution of the Town Council of Bloomfield, adopted and dated on the twenty-first day of December, 1903.

And notice is hereby given that the following are voting places, at which the Boards of Registry and Election shall meet and said election shall be held:

First Ward, First District, 31 Broad Street.

Second Ward, Excelsior Hose House, Broad Street.

Third Ward, First District, 287 Glenwood Avenue.

Fourth Ward, Second District, active Hose House, 26 Willow Street.

By order of the Town Council of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex.

WM. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

Dated December 22, 1903.

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